

Spirit of the Times.

VOLUME 3.

IRONTON, LAWRENCE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1855.

NUMBER 31.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
IN RODGER'S BLOCK, RAIL ROAD STREET,
IRONTON, OHIO.

BY LETTER & HOOD.

TERMS:—Two dollars a year, or one dollar and fifty cents, if paid in advance.
[If no subscription discontinued until arrears are paid. Advertisements inserted at the rate of—One square (10 lines or less) 3 insertions \$1.00; for each subsequent insertion, 25 cents;—for one month, 1.00; for three months, 2.50; for six months, 4.00; for one year, 7.00.

Subscribers, Postmasters, and others interested will please bear in mind the law of non-payment. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bill, and ordered the paper to be discontinued.

If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former location, they are held responsible.

The Court have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing, and leaving it uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intention to fraud.

The Spirit of the Times is a DEMOCRATIC paper—advocates universal popular education, as the true basis of Society; advocates the restoration of the constitutional currency, in lieu of the winding paper issues that now constitute the basis of the currency.

It is in favor of the rights of ALL men, native or foreign; advocates whatever tends to elevate or advance the interests of the whole people, and is opposed to Slavery, Paper-money Banking, Protective Tariffs, Hinduism, and Toryism generally.

POLITICAL.

The Office of the People in Government, Religion and Art.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

The material world does not change in its masses or its powers. The stars shine with no more lustre than when they first sang together in the glory of their birth. The flowers that gemmed the fields and the forests before America was discovered, now bloom around us in their season. The sun that shone on Homer, shines on us in unchanging lustre. The bow that beamed on the patriarch still glitters in the clouds. Nature is the same. For her no new forces are generated, no new capacities are discovered. The earth turns on its axis, and perfects its revolutions, and renews its seasons without change or advancement.

But a like passive destiny does not attach to the inhabitants of the earth. For them the expectations of social improvement are no delusion. The hopes of philanthropy are more than a dream. The five senses do not constitute the whole inventory of our sources of knowledge. They are the organs by which thought connects itself with the external universe; but the power of thought is not merged in the exercise of its instruments. We have functions which connect us with heaven, as well as organs which set us in relation with earth. We have not merely senses opening to us the external world, but an internal sense, which places us in connexion with the world of intelligence, and the decrees of God.

There is a spirit in man: not in privileged few; not in those of only by the favor of Providence have been nursed in public schools: it is in man, —it is an attribute of the race. The spirit, which is the guide to truth, is the gracious gift to each member of the human family.

Reason exists in every breast. I mean not that faculty which deduces inferences from the experience of the senses, but that higher faculty, which from the infinite treasures of its own consciousness, originates truth, and assents to it by the force of intuitive evidence; that faculty which raises us beyond the control of time and space, and gives faith in things eternal and invisible. There is not the difference between one mind and another, which the pride of philosophy might imagine. To them no faculty is conceded which does not belong to the meanest of their countrymen. In them there cannot spring up a which does not equally have its germ in every mind. They have not the power of creation; they can but reveal what God has implanted in every breast.

The intellectual functions, by which relations are perceived, are the common endowments of the race. The differences are apparent, not real. The eye in one person may be dull, in another quick; in one distorted, in another clear and tranquil; yet the relation of the eye to light is in all men the same. Just so judgment may be liable in individual minds to the bias of passion, and yet its relation to truth is immutable and universal.

In questions of practical duty, conscience is God's umpire, whose light illumines every heart. There is nothing in books, which had not first, and has not still its life within us. Religion itself is a dead letter, wherever its truths are not renewed in the soul. Individual conscience may be corrupted by interest or debauched by pride, yet the rule of morality is distinctly marked; its harmonies are to the mind like music to the ear; and the moral judgment, when carefully analyzed and referred to its principles, is always founded in light. The eastern superstition, which bids its victims prostrate themselves before the advancing car of their idols, springs from a noble root, and is but a melancholy perversion of that self-devotion, which enables the Christian to bear the cross, and subject his personal passions to the will of God. Immortality of itself never won to its support the inward voice; conscience, if questioned, never forgets to curse the guilty with the memory of sin, to cheer the upright with the meek tranquility of approval. And this admirable power, which is the instinct of Deity, is the attribute of every man; it knocks at the palace gate, it dwells in the meanest hovel. Duty, like Death, enters every abode, and delivers its message. Conscience, like reason and judgment, is universal.

That the moral affections are planted every where needs only to be asserted to be received. The savage mother loves her offspring with all the fondness which a mother can know. Beneath the odor of shade of the boundless forests of Chili, the native youth repeats the story of love as sincerely as ever it was chanted in the valley of Vaulouse. The affections of family are not the growth of civilization. The charities of life are scattered every where; ennobling the scales of human being, as flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

Our age has seen a revolution in works of the imagination. The poet has sought his theme in private life. Never is the genius of Scott more pathetic than when—as in the Antiquary—he delineates the sorrows of a poor fisherman, or, as in the Heart of Mid Lothian, he takes his heroine from a cottage. And even Wordsworth, the purest and most original poet of the day, in spite of the inveterate character of his political predilections, has thrown the light of genius on the walks of the commonest life; he finds a lesson in every grave of the village churchyard; he discloses the boundless treasures of feeling in the peasant, the laborer, and the artisan; the strolling pedlar becomes, through his genius, a teacher of the sublime morality; and the solitary wagoner, the lonely shepherd, even the feeble mother of an idiot boy, furnishes lessons in the reverence for Humanity.

If from things relating to truth, justice, and affection, we turn to those relating to the beautiful, we may here still further assert, that the sentiment for the lovely resides in every breast. The lovely forms of the external world delight us from their adaptation to our powers.

The Indian mother, on the borders of Hudson's Bay, decorates her manufactures with lovely colors and ingenious devices, prompted by the same instinct which guided the pencil and mixed the colors of Raphael. The inhabitant of Nootka Sound tattoos his body with the method of the harmonious Arabesque. Every form to which the hand of the artist ever gave birth, sprang first into existence as a conception of his mind, from a natural faculty which belongs not exclusively to the artist, but to man. Beauty, like truth and justice, lives with us. Like virtue and like moral law, it is the companion of the soul. The power which leads to the production of beautiful forms, or to the perception of them in the works which God has made, is an attribute of Humanity.

But I am asked if I despise learning? Shall one who has spent so much of his life in schools and universities, plead the equality of uneducated nature? Is there no difference between the man of refinement and the savage?

"I am a man," said Jack Hawk nobly to the chief of the first republic in the world, "I am a man," said a barbarous chieftain, "and thou art another."

I speak for the universal diffusion of human powers, not of human attainments; for the capacity for progress, not for the perfection of undisciplined instincts. The fellowship which we should cherish with the race, receives the Commerce warrior and the Caffre within the pale of equality. Their functions may not have been exercised, but they exist. Immure a person in a dungeon; as he comes to the light of day, his vision seems incapable of performing its office. Does that destroy your conviction of the relation between the eye and light? The rioter, over his cups, resolves to eat and drink and be merry; he forgets his spiritual nature in his obedience to his senses, but does that destroy the relations between conscience and eternity? "What ransom shall we give?" exclaimed the senators of Rome to the savage Attila. "Give," said the barbarian, "all your gold and jewels, your costly furniture and treasures, and set free every slave." "Ah," replied the degenerate Romans, "what then will be left to us?" "I leave you your souls," replied the unlettered invader from the steppes of Asia, who had learnt in the wilderness to value the immortal mind, and to despise the servile herd, that esteemed only their fortunes, and had no true respect for themselves. You cannot discover a tribe of men, but you find also the characteristics of life, and the proofs of spiritual existence. Behold the ignorant Algonquin deposit a bow and quiver by the side of the departed warrior, and recognize his faith in immortality. See the Comanche chieftain in the heart of our continent, inflict on himself severest penance; and reverence his confession of the needed atonement for sin. The barbarian, who roams our western prairies, has like passions and like endowments with ourselves. He hears within him the instinct of Deity; the consciousness of a spiritual nature; the love of beauty; and the rule of morality.

And shall we reverence the dark-skinned Caffre? Shall we respect the brutal Hottentot? You may read the brutal answer written on every heart. It bids me not despise the sable hunter that gathers a livelihood in the forests of Southern Africa. All are men. When we know the Hottentot better, we shall despise him less.

It is good policy to strike while the iron is hot; it is still better to adopt Cromwell's procedure, in this respect and make the iron hot by striking.

It was long ago remarked by Cato that "the stomach has no ears; but it has a mouth; and the Scripture warns us often that this needs to be bridled."

WE HAVE met with no article on the subject of Know-Nothingism that for ability, candor, sound and logical reasoning compares with one that has lately appeared in the columns of the Presbyterian Critic. This paper being one of the leading journals of the Presbyterian denomination and hence entirely free from all partisan or political bias, the article derives additional importance and recommends itself to the thinking men of all political parties. Being unable to give the entire article, in consequence of its length, we present a few extracts, as follows:—*Democratic Companion.*

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

THERE is no demand whatever for a great national movement against the Catholic Church. The recent excitement in the community has been in the main, the result of a corrupt movement of unprincipled politicians, to excite the Protestant feeling of the people and to ride into power on the tide. They have run foul of the maxim, which they so copiously set forward among their principles, as if for the purpose of expressing the profligacy of the whole movement, by violating in practice what they praise in theory. It is absurd to deny that making the mere religious sentiments of a man the reason for refusing to vote for him, is a violation of the great principle of religious liberty. It is allowing a principle of discrimination the political aspect of a vote to be sound and just; which would be wicked and unprincipled, if embodied in a law. If our neighbors make their dislike to our Presbyterian sentiments the ground of their refusing to vote for us, it is perfectly useless to disguise that we are under political responsibility for religious opinions—that, *quod hoc*, we are suffering for them. The objectionable features in this view of the case, making religious opinion unattended by any viciousness of action growing out of it, a ground for a universal discrimination in political affairs, affecting permanently large masses of citizens.—This is our first great objection to the American or Know-Nothing party; it is violating the very principle of religious liberty, which it professes to conserve; and has adopted a construction of that principle which strips it of all practical force, leaving it a dead letter in the statute book, and abandoning its control over the political action of the people.

We object again to the American party, that it is condensing the Catholic and Foreign element in our population into a political body distinct from the mass of our citizens, armed with all their power to do mischief, and animated by all that hostility which is natural to men suffering an ostracism of their religion and birth, provoked by an attempt to diminish their full equality with other citizens. Now what does Know-Nothingism propose to do for the remedy of this evil which it has created? It only proposes to render Catholic and Foreign citizens ineligible to office. It leaves them the power to vote, and the right of unlimited emigration in the future—the two great means of mischief, if they are pleased to use them. There can be no remedy for the Pope's control of the Catholic vote, except in taking away the elective franchise altogether. Nor it is, to say the least of it, the most manly and honest policy to prohibit the entry of a Catholic and a Foreigner altogether into the country, and to the rights of citizenship, rather than to invite them to come and then begin to annoy them by a whole series of political disabilities, which are assumed to be essential to a defence of the Know-Nothing creed, on both the issues it has raised, is a logical and a practical blunder from its own premises. It assumes in the strongest sense of an existing fact, not as a logical inference from the Catholic creed, the absolute incompatibility of the Catholic Church and the free institutions of this country. This is its premise, its inference is to render the individual Catholic ineligible to office; the true inference from the premise as they construe it is, that the Catholic Church ought not to be tolerated at all. On the other issue, the premise is, that the element in our population is dangerous to the government, the inference is, the reduction of a part of the rights of citizenship—the ineligibility to office, in the foreigners already here and an extension of the term of naturalization.—The true inference is, the prohibition of all the foreign emigration for the future, and the avoidance of everything would exasperate the foreign element already in the midst of us; the careful observance of everything which would tend to strengthen their attachment to the institutions of the country. These are the results which logically issue from the premises of the Know-Nothing creed, and which they are logically required to assume.

But they dare not do it; the measure they propose to adopt—the exclusion from office—is ridiculously incomplete as a practical expedient; it is a most impotent and lame conclusion, as a logical inference. It is absolutely necessary, either to cease this political crusade against large masses of our people, or to make it effectual to accomplish, not only the ends it holds in view, but to prevent the incident evils the effort at reform has created in its progress.—Nothing short of a more effective diminution of the common rights of citizenship has yet been dared to assume the shape of public proposition, will meet the ends which the American party are seeking to accomplish. It is absurd to admit large classes of men to all the common rights of citizenship, except one,

and that by no means the most important one. If there is a reason why they should be deprived of one, they should be deprived of all. If it is right to allow them to vote, it is right to allow them to be voted for; the one right is almost, if not altogether, correlative of the other. Any argument that would prove a man disqualified for office, would prove him disqualified to vote.

We object, in the last place, and with deep severity of conviction, to the principles of organization adopted by the American or Know-Nothing party, and some of the particular features which they have embodied in their order. If every principle was at war with the very foundation of the American Republic, it is a principle of secret, oath-bound organization of political parties. It is unnecessary, dangerous, hostile to fundamental maxims of republican liberty, and in its existing aspect, demoralizing in a high degree. It is striking a blow at that great fundamental maxim of the government—the intelligence of the people—an essential element of republican liberty. What matters it, how much intelligence the people may have, if political men will conceal from them elements upon which to employ that intelligence, in the foundation of an opinion and the adoption of a policy? The duties of a man are correlative. If it is the duty of the people to require knowledge of any party claiming their suffrages, before they endorse them, it is the duty of that party to give it. No party has the right to hide under the dark, blind itself to secrecy under oath, unfold what they please from the people the shadow of a moral right to give their sanction to that, of the propriety of which they are not informed.

Moreover, this principle of organization will prove utterly subversive of the Constitution of the United States, by placing the legislation of Congress in the hands of an irresponsible association of members; in a body totally unknown to the Constitution, distinct from Congress itself, existing within, but independent of all responsibility to any public or recognized law. The Congressional Council itself at war with the Constitution, will be under the control of the National Council; and the result will be, that the Congress of the United States will become under the full success of the Know-Nothing principles, a mere registry of decrees to a body in the heart of the country, unknown to the Constitution—existing, no one can tell where—aiming at, no one can tell what. It is a principle of party organization, which by demanding the unlimited submission of the minority to the majority, annihilates the balance power of a Parliamentary opposition, and all the advantages that belong to it. It extinguishes this personal independence of the voter, destroys the jurisdiction of conscience over the political conduct, and makes it a condition to the preservation of his integrity, if a voter should happen to scruple a measure or a man proposed by the order that he absolutely abandon the party altogether.

We have only to add, that if the National, the Federal Union, and the Protestant Civilization of this country, are dependent upon the conservatism of this new political combination, its past acts indicate most fearful that gloomy times are ahead.

From the Buffalo Democracy.

PROPAGATION.

ONE of the strangest things in this world, is this carelessness with which marriages are contracted. Raisers of milking stock are as careful, in their conjunction of animals, as it is possible to be. Gentlemen attached to the turf are eminently scrupulous and cautious in this respect. Vice of the mind—weakness of the muscle—a want of courage and endurance—badness of temper—liability to disease, do each condemn a horse, and exclude him inexorably from the breeding yard. Only the best animals, tried and approved in several contested races, are employed in the production of horses for the turf. More than this, they have got to have pedigree, and come of ancestors of pure racing blood, and distinguished on one or both sides, for thorough bred qualities and great performances. Else they are rejected.

Are men or women bred with this care anywhere in this world? We do not know of a single locality where they are. And yet what comparison of importance is there between the stock of men and the stock of cattle.

Physical defects of the most frightful kind, moral defects of a repulsive character, constitute too generally no bar whatever to marriage in the best society in the United States. Consumption is bred in without a thought—scrofula is perpetuated—gout is unhesitatingly transmitted, while drunkenness is crossed upon sobriety, and hereditary lying and stealing are sent down to a young crop of thieves and dodgers, and meanness, laziness, greediness, silliness, selfishness and vulgarity, are tumbled without hindrance into the common crucible of marriage, and received in the inexorable law of reproduction, as the characteristics of a generation of men and women. Among human beings constitutional defects are as transmissible as they are among horses. Are moral defects, and so, thank God, are the moral excellencies. Yet the great majority of the people of this country act in defiance of this physiological law—more probably in ignorance of it.

POETRY.

The English Language.

The Anglo-Saxons are a "peculiar race." In his wise providence, God, many centuries ago, gathered and clustered a choice selection of the Saxon race on a little island, and as restless as the ocean which breaks around that island, it seemed to be his plan to make that the starting point for the race. They fill the island, and then swarm to come to subdue this continent, and make the roaring up of a great nation the work of a day. In the meanwhile, England, the old live, is constantly sending out colonies all over the earth, and making use of her very criminals to raise up a new nation. You can hardly go to an island, which is the natural breakwater on the continent, and which commands that continent, but you see the flag and hear the drum of the Saxon race, there filling the island, and all ready to go over to the continent, kindly to regulate their affairs and to eat them up. While we have been at work here, they have gone through all the East, Saxon laws and customs, and dress, energy and religion are radiating in all directions, and the earth seems to be bending before the spirit of the race. To borrow the imagery of one of our greatest minds, the morning trumpet of the Saxon race is heard in the air, at his rising of every spot on the globe, and follows him all around the world, and the whole face of the earth is dotted over with this people. There is a sagacity and penetration to this mind which has no opportunity to escape, no flood-tide is lost. It would seem as if they were to sweep all other people, except the small handful of Jews. That indomitable genius which with the eager, burning eye of the savage, looked out upon Rome, when, like a helmeted queen she sat clad in her warlike power, and with a grimly smiling lip, grasped with her, and finally placed his foot on her neck, and sat down on her throne, still lives in all the race, softened indeed by Christianity, and enlightened by knowledge, but in no respect, a apprehension confined as to strength or more near-sighted in laying its plans, or less undaunted in executing them. Should England grow old, and decay, and perish—should the owl hoot and the satyr dance where her palaces now stand—the seedlings of at least twenty England are planted elsewhere, and among them will live her iron language, atow and simple as her ox—and there will her arts, and laws and arts and literature, her religion and language and glory live, as long as the earth shall endure.—*T. M.*

Now gather all our Saxon bands,
Let arms and hearts be strong,
To celebrate the triumph
Of our own good Saxon tongue;
For stronger far than hosts that march
With battle-flags and banners
It goes, with Freedom, Thought and Truth,
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays,
On every Suffolk shore,
And Scotland learns its echoing far,
As Orkney's breakers roar:
From Juno's crags, and Mona's hills,
It floats on every gale,
And warms, with classic lore and song,
The homes of Gaulish.

On many a wide and swarming deck,
It scales the rough waves' crest,
Seeking its port in every bay,
The fresh and faithful West:
It climbs New England's rocky steeps,
As victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice,
Still mightier than its own.

It spreads where winter piles deep snows
On bleak Canadian plains,
And, where, on Esquimaux banks,
Erewhile summer reigns:
It glads Acadia's misty coasts,
Jamaica's glowing isle,
And bides where, gay with early flowers,
Green Texas prairie smiles.

It lives by clear Itasca's lake,
Missouri's turbid stream,
Where cedar rises on wild Ozark,
And Kansas waters foam:
It tracks the loud swift Oregon,
Through sunset valleys roiled,
And soars where California brooks
Wash down rich sands of gold.

It sounds in Borneo's camphor groves,
On seas of ferret Malay,
In fields that curl old Ganges' flood,
And waters of great Bombay;
It wakes up Eden's flashing eyes,
Dusk brows, and swarthy limbs:
The dark Libanian hero child
With English cradle hymns.

Tasmania's maids are wooed and won
In gentle Saxon speech;
In gentle Saxon speech;
Australian boys read Crusoe's life
By Sydney's sheltered beach:
It dwells where Africa's southernmost capes
Meet oceans bright and blue,
And Niueveld's rugged mountains gird
The wide and waste Karroo.

It kindles rebus so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits,
And those with flowers of spring:
It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orbed fire on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desired,
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admired, (verse)
With Shakespeare's deep and wondrous
And Milton's loftiest theme,
With Alfred's laws and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flies away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day:
But grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but the dawn which speaks
Of noonday yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
To heed the voice of disgrace,
With deadly pen or spilling sword,
Our noble tongue and race,
Go forth, prepared in every clime
To love and help each other,
And judge that they who counsel strife
Would bid you smile a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
By good men prayed for long,
When Christian states, grown just and wise,
Will scorn revenge and wrong,
When earth's oppressed or savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words,
FAITH, PATIENCE, HOPE AND LOVE.

Never hesitate about doing a good thing. Be sure it will be all right in the end whether the deed is marrying an amiable girl, giving a sovereign to the dispensary, a dinner to a poor family, or rosy glances to Mary.

A wag, seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying that she out-stripped the whole party.

BIOGRAPHY.

CASPAR HAUSER.

In the year 1828, a great sensation was created throughout the civilized world, by the story of Caspar Hauser. This, as it appears, was in substance as follows:—

On the twentieth of May, in the year above named, as a citizen of Nuremberg, in Bavaria, was proceeding along one of the streets, he happened to see a young man, in the dress of a peasant, who was standing like one intoxicated, attempting to move forward yet appearing hardly to have command of his legs. On the approach of the citizen, this stranger held out to him a letter directed to a well-known and respectable military officer, living in Nuremberg.

As the house of this person lay in the direction of the citizen's walk, he took the youth thither with him. When the servant opened the door, the stranger put the letter into his hand, uttering some unintelligible words. The various questions which were asked as to his name, whence he came, &c., he seemed not to comprehend. He appeared excessively fatigued, staggered, as if exhausted, and pointed to his feet, shedding tears, apparently from pain. As he seemed to be suffering from hunger, a piece of meat was given to him, but scarcely had he tasted it, when he spat it out, and shuddered as if with abhorrence. He manifested the same aversion to beer. He ate some bread, and drank water, with signs of satisfaction.

Meanwhile, all attempts to gain any information from him were fruitless. To every question he answered with the same unintelligible jargon. He seemed to hear, without understanding, and to see, without perceiving. He shed many tears, and his whole language seemed to consist of moans and unintelligible sounds.

The letter to the officer above-mentioned contained no satisfactory information. It stated that the writer was a poor day-laborer, with a family of ten children; that the bearer had been left with him in October, 1812, and he had never since been suffered to leave his house; that he had received a Christian education, been baptized, &c. He was sent to this officer with the request, he might be taken care of till seventeen years old, and then be made a trooper, and placed in the sixth regiment, as his father had been of that corps. This letter was supposed, of course, to be designed to mislead, and no reliance was placed upon it.

The officer, suspecting some imposition, sent the stranger to the police. To all inquiries the latter replied as before, displaying a childish simplicity, and awkward dulness. He was continually whimpering, and pointing to his feet. While he had the size of a young man, his face had the expression of a child. When writing materials were placed before him, he took the pen with alacrity, and wrote *Caspar Hauser*. This so contrasted with his previous signs of ignorance and dulness, as to excite suspicions of imposture, and he was therefore committed to a tower used for the confinement of rogues and vagabonds. In going to this place, he sank down, groaning at every step.

The body of Caspar seemed perfectly formed, but his face bore a decided aspect of vulgarity. When in a state of tranquillity, or had a look of brutish indifference. The formation of his face, however, changed in a few months, and rapidly gained in expression and animation. His feet bore no marks of having been confined by shoes, and were fully formed; the soles were soft as the palms of his hands. His gait was a waddling, tottering progress, groping with his hands as he went, and often falling at the slightest impediment. He could not, for a long time, go up and down stairs without assistance. He used his hands with the greatest awkwardness. In all these respects, however, he rapidly improved.

Caspar Hauser soon ceased to be considered either an idiot or an impostor.—The mildness, good nature, and obedience he displayed, precluded the idea that he had grown up with the beasts of the forest. Yet he was destitute of words, and seemed to be disgusted with most of the customs and habits of civilized life. All the circumstances combined to create a belief that he had been brought up in a state of complete imprisonment and seclusion, during the previous part of his existence.

He now became an object of general interest, and hundreds of persons came to see him. He could be persuaded to taste no other food than bread and water. Even the smell of most articles of food was sufficient to make him shudder.—When his first saw a lighted candle, he appeared greatly delighted, and unsuspectingly put his fingers into the blaze.—When a mirror was shown him, he looked behind, to find the image it reflected. Like a child, he greedily reached for every glittering object, and cried when any desired thing was denied him. His whole vocabulary seemed hardly to exceed a dozen words, and that of roses (horse) answered for all quadrupeds, such as horses, dogs, and cats. When, at length, a wooden horse was given as a plaything, it seemed to effect a great change in him; his spirits revived, and his lethargy and indifference were dissipated. He would never eat or drink without first offering a portion to his horse.

His powers seemed now to be rapidly developed; he soon quitted his toy, and learned to ride the living horse, with astonishing rapidity. He, however, was

greatly oppressed, as he acquired knowledge, at discovering how much inferior he was in knowledge to those around him, and this led him to express the wish that he could go back to the hole in which he had always been confined. From his repeated statements, now that he had learned to speak, it appeared that he had been, from his earliest recollections, confined in a narrow space, his legs extended forward upon the floor, and his body upright; and here, without light, and without the power of locomotion, he had remained for years. The date or period of his confinement he knew not, for in his dungeon there was no sunrise or sunset to mark the lapse of time. When he awoke from sleep, he found some bread and water at his side; but who ministered to his wants, he knew not; he never saw the face of his attendant, who never spoke to him, except in some unintelligible jargon. In his hole he had two wooden horses, and some ribbons, as toys,—and these afforded him his only amusement. One day had passed as another; he had no dreams; time ran on, and life ebbed and flowed, with a dull and almost unconscious movement. After a time his keeper gave him a pencil, of which he learned the use; he was then partially taught to walk, and shortly after, was carried from his prison, a letter put into his hand, and he was left, as the beginning of our story finds him, in the streets of Nuremberg.

The journals were now filled with accounts of this mysterious young man.—A suspicion was at last started that he was of high birth, and that important motives had led to the singular treatment he had received. He was himself haunted with the fear of assassination, from the idea that the circumstances which led to his incarceration, now that his story was known, might tempt his enemies to put a period to his life,—thus seeking at once the removal of a hated object, and security against detection.—His fears were at last partially realized; while he was under the care and protection of Professor Daumer, he was attacked and seriously wounded, by a blow upon the forehead.

After this event, Earl Stanhope, who happened to be in that part of Germany, caused him to be removed to Anspach, where he was placed under the care of an able schoolmaster. Here his fears subsided; but in December, 1833, a stranger, wrapped in a large cloak, accosted him, under the pretence of having an important communication to make, and proposed a meeting. Caspar agreed, and they met in the palace-garden, alone. The stranger drew some papers from beneath his cloak, and while Caspar was examining them, the ruffian stabbed him in the region of the heart. The wound did not prove immediately fatal. He was able to return home, and relate what had happened. Messengers were sent in pursuit of the assassin, but in vain. Hauser lingered three or four days,—that is, till the seventeenth of December, 1833, when he died. On dissection, it appeared that the knife had pierced to the heart, making an incision in its outer covering, stomach, a reward of five thousand florins was offered by Lord Stanhope, for the discovery of the assassin, but without effect,—nor was the mystery which involved Caspar's story ever fully unravelled.

THE IRON MASK.

ONE of the most extraordinary events recorded in the annals of captivity, is the imprisonment, death and burial of an individual known as the "Iron Mask." This remarkable personage remained shrouded in obscurity for forty or fifty years within the walls of a dungeon, and after death his identity was never satisfactorily proved. We abridge the following account of him from Voltaire's "Age of Louis XIV."

"In 1681," he says, "there happened an event of which there is no similar example in the history of the world, and with which the historians of that time seem to have been totally unacquainted. There was sent to the castle of the island of St. Marguerite, in the Sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, rather above the middle size, young, and of a graceful figure. On the road, he wore a mask with steel springs, which enabled him to eat without taking it off. He remained here, closely confined till 1690, when St. Mars, the new governor of the Bastille, had him conveyed to that prison. During the journey, he remained always covered with a mask, and the governor never sat down in his presence. He was lodged at the Bastille with all the attention possible in that dungeon. Nothing was refused him that he desired. His chief taste was for lace, and linen, remarkably fine. During his two journeys, the soldiers who escorted him had orders to shoot him if he made any attempt to discover himself.

"This unknown person died in 1703, and was buried in the night. What increases our surprise in that, when he was sent to the island of St. Marguerite, no person of consequence in Europe was missing. Yet the prisoner was certainly one of the great ones of the world. Every circumstance connected with him proves this. The governor put the dishes on his table himself, then retired, and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and threw it out of the window. A fisherman picked it up, and brought it to the governor, who, with evident astonishment asked the man if he had read what was written on the plate, or if any body else had seen it. He was not allowed to go till he had pronounced the name of the man who had written it.

Continued on Second page.